

Dracori

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Summary: When Obi-Wan was fifteen, he disappeared. Three years have passed and Qui-Gon Jinn had never stopped mourning the loss. In fact the only reason he hadn't ripped the world apart was the knowledge that looking for his wayward padawan would get himself killed and if he didn't stop looking for him, he would never see him again. This? This was not what he had expected.

1. Chapter 1

****AN:****

This is actually written by my twin sister, thunderairborne, and she asked me to put it here.

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><p>Three years ago he had lost his padawan. Not to death or to the dark side. He had disappeared and Qui-Gon hadn't seen him since. He knew that he was still alive. In three years, that was all he knew.<p>

He had spent a year looking for his wayward padawan until Yoda had told him to stop. Told him that if he continued to search for the lost boy, he would end up killing himself. The only reason he had listened was that Yoda promised that he would see him again. That didn't stop him from spending the next six months in complete frustration. For the last year and a half he just felt... empty. Lost. Like a part of him had gone. But Yoda never lied. He would see Obi-Wan again.

He sighed and ran his hands through his hair and over his face. He knew he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep. It wasn't a nightmare though. Nightmares meant terror. He just dreamed of endless hopelessness, helplessness. His dreams of that night just made him angry, upset. Regretful.

/Where did he go? Was he taken forcibly? If not, why did he go? Is he okay? Is he in pain? Will I ever find him?/

The questions ran through his head every night. Not a one of them had been answered. He had almost all hope for finding the boy.

Heading into the cockpit of the small ship, he sighed again and picked up a datapad and reviewed his current mission.

/Rebellions...Lower class against upper class...Help negotiations...minimal bloodshed/

It wasn't exactly a textbook or ideal mission but he would go crazy if he stayed cooped up in his quarters too long. He wasn't sure if a problem like this could be solved with minimal bloodshed but he didn't care.

He hadn't cared in a long time. Not for three years.

* * *

><p>It had been three years ago.<p>

It had been three years since he had spoken to his master. The man he loved. It had been three years since he'd been a jedi padawan. It had been three years since he'd had to make the hardest decision of his life. It had been three years ago when he met Glayen, a dracori. His dracori.

Dracori were known as many things over the years.

Some cultures knew them as dragons.

His dracori was a bright green and looked as if someone had thrown gold dust on him. He had a long neck and was about meter long. His eyes glowed amber and his wings were just wide enough to encircle Obi-Wan.

And he had been Obi-Wan's only constant companion in the last three years.

/Flashback/

It had been a dark night. He had been out walking. Just walking. He couldn't stay out long or his master might notice his absence. He couldn't go back to sleep, not with the dream he just had. So much pain, so much death. Prescience sucked sometimes. All the time.

There was a noise, a warning in the Force. Not a sense of danger, just a sense of urgency.

Obi-Wan turned and looked into a dark was something in it. He had a feeling that it could be dangerous. But not to him. Never to him.

The alley stank but he didn't care. There was something in there that needed him. Not just to survive but... for what? He didn't know. There was a movement in the corner of his eyes and he glanced over

and saw something about the size of a large cat. Crouching he approached it. It was... a lizard? It looked like a large lizard. Obi-Wan cocked his head at the small animal and it cocked its head at him. Its eyes were amber in colour and they practically glowed. Obi-Wan thought that anyone could get lost in those pools of emotion. It was young though. That he could tell.

He almost fell over when he heard the voice.

'You must make the choice jedi Padawan. You can take the young dracori, name him and be his companion or... you can leave him. You may stay with your master and become a Jedi Knight. You cannot chose both. If you choose the second path the youngling in front of you will die.'

'Who are you? Why are you giving me this choice? Why me?' he asked.

'It does not matter who I am. You are Dracoren. You were destined to find the young one in front of you. Your future has many possibilities and all of them rich in content. Only you however can make the choice that will save him' she said pointing at the creature, the dracori.

'What if I don't want some big future?' he asked though he already knew what path he would take.

'It is quite unavoidable, I'm afraid. Your future us going to be great. It is written in time, fate and through the universes. What is your decision?'

'What would Glayen need to eat?'

/End Flashback/

It had been his choice to leave Qui-Gon behind and though he hated to leave the man with a second padawan who had left him, he knew what he had to do. At the moment, his dracori needed him. He needed his dracori. It would be the way until they died.

2. The Boy

Qui-Gon ran through the halls deflecting the blaster bolts at an almost impossible speed, and wondered why he had to be given the one mission that would go this horribly wrong. He sighed internally and continued running.

Things weren't supposed to go this wrong. He had been searching for just a little bit of information when he had been caught. He didn't even know what had tipped them off, all he knew was that suddenly he was being chased through unfamiliar halls by an unknown enemy.

He arrived in a small room and paused just long enough to evaluate his surroundings. Suddenly a large, unknown beast rammed into his body at full speed. He was thrown off his feet and onto his back. He hit his head hard enough that he saw stars. When his vision cleared he saw a large scaly beast on his chest, snarling. He jerked in surprise when it spoke.

'Don't move.' its voice sounded like a growl and it reverberated through him.

Then he was surrounded by the rebels he had been running from for the last ten minutes. They seemed to be arguing until a single voice rang through.

'Away from him. I'll take care of the Jedi Master, thank you very much.' And the people practically scattered. Then the same voice spoke again, but not in basic. The language he spoke was guttural and Qui-Gon believe he was speaking to the beast in his chest. Then the voice was directed at him. 'He will get off you, but keep in mind, if you try anything, your going back down.'

'Understood.' replied Qui-Gon, and the weight of the beast was off him. As he looked up he saw the beast fly? It had flown to the man, no boy, and it settled on the boy's back. The boy had to have some sort of armour on to keep the creatures claws from ripping his back and shoulders apart. The boy was beautiful, he had hair that blazed like fire and eyes that seemed to be switching between blue and green. He was muscular and with the creature on his back he appeared regal, despite the clothing he wore. He wore garb similar to those of the rebels, only different as the boy had much more armour and a sort of wrapping around his arms. The wrappings looked to be leather, but Qui-Gon doubted they were. The most curious thing was that the boy had a stripe over his eyes, like paint. The stripe was painted as if to mimic the scales of the creature on his shoulders.

The strangest thing was that Qui-Gon had a certain feeling that he had met the boy before, that he should know the boy no matter what. Who he was though, was eluding him for an discernible reason. Qui-Gon just stared at him, just trying to figure out who he was, why this boy would be so familiar to him. The biggest question, however was why did the rebels listen to him? He wasn't of this planet. He had none of the people's distinctive features and he was just a boy. He couldn't be more than eighteen.

'Come with me.' ordered the boy. The beast flapped its wings, for no apparent reason.

Qui-Gon sat up and winced as he felt his head spin. He paused and waited for the world to still. He got up and followed the boy when he started to lead him down a hallway.

'Who are you?'

'You can call me Dracoren.'

'But that's not your name.'

'No. It is my title.'

'Have we met before?'

'Yes.'

'Then why can't I place who you are?'

They stopped at a room and the boy gestured for him to go in. When Qui-Gon hesitated, the boy gave him a look that made him get into the

room as fast possible.

'Stay here until Glayen, my companion here, comes to get you. Do not leave this room before then. My friend here can incapacitate you quite quickly, so I wouldn't recommend disobeying me.'

* * *

><p>Obi-Wan was balanced on his finger and thumb, a position only well trained individuals were able to obtain. He hadn't thought twice about doing it. The position was natural for him, as it was the only way he achieved the level of concentration to speak to the Mother.<p>

The Mother. Not many were able to see her. Fewer were able to speak to her. Part of Obi-Wan's abilities as a Dracoren was the ability to communicate with Her. And he didn't believe he needed her advice more than now.

/Hello, my son./ Her voice washed over him with a serenity that calmed Obi-Wan like nothing else.

/Hello mother. You wanted to see me?/

/You can't keep up the disguise forever./

/Most would see that as lack of power./

/You not having the illusion has nothing to do with power./

/I know. I'm sorry./

/My son, you are causing yourself pain./

/You were the one who told me to leave him./

/You had to leave him at the time so you could follow your destiny. It is no longer so. Your interacting with him won't change anything. Except your mood. You cannot choose to keep who you are from him forever. I will not allow it./

/I know./

/Just... give me a week, please. I understand your concern but... I'm not ready, mother. It has been three years now, I don't know if I can face him as his padawan. Certainly not as a padawan who abandoned him./

/You have a week, my son./

/Thank you. You won't regret it./

The doors of the gardens opened as Glayen came in, accompanied by Qui-Gon. Obi-Wan took a deep breath and released it slowly, readying himself for this meeting.

/Goodbye mother. As always I have enjoyed your company and welcome your advice./

/Goodbye, my child of light. May the Force be with you as I can only

do so much for you./

* * *

><p>Qui-Gon had been taken to a small room with a mat in it. Nothing else. It was just what he had expected. Though he was confused. Who was this boy, this dracoren? At least he had admitted that his name isn't dracoren. The biggest question, though, is why was he so familiar? It didn't make sense. The boy's presence hadn't felt wrong or evil. His presence, if anything it had felt nice and trustworthy. Qui-Gon couldn't dwell on that because he appeared to be on the very side he was supposed to be opposing at the moment.<p>

So instead he sank into meditation and hoped to find a solution to his interesting situation.

After an indiscernible amount of time the door slid open. The strange creature from before stood in the doorway. Qui-Gon remembered the boy's earlier warning. The beast could easily incapacitate him, he had said. Its claws looked quite deadly and Qui-Gon wasn't happy with the idea of going against them.

The beast led him towards a large garden and in the middle of it was the boy from before, balanced on his forefinger and thumb. Qui-Gon smiled at the look of peace on his face and wished that he was able to obtain that sort of serenity.

'Welcome to the gardens, Master Jinn. A place of peace, for those who seek it. Do you seek peace, Master Jedi? Or are all Jedi supposed to be at peace?' The boy seemed to know what the answer to that question already.

'Not all Jedi are at peace. We are not immune to... emotional harm'

'And you have experienced emotional harm?' the boy definitely knew something.

'Are you interrogating me or just curious?' the boy gave him a smirk.

'I'm just curious of course. Asking about your feelings isn't a great interrogation technique, now is it?'

'No, but you can find out a lot about a person by how they feel.'

'I see. You have seen through my my nefarious plot. I shall know all you secrets by asking you about your feelings.' The boy certainly had a sense of humour.

'To answer your question: I am as at peace as I can get.'

'You have questions for me, Master Jinn.' Well, he could certainly state the obvious.

'I thought this was the time for you to ask me questions.'

'You know much less about me and my kind then I know about yours.'

'My kind? Are you not human?' He certainly looked human.

'I mean your kind as in Jedi and mine as dracoren.' Ah, that made sense.

'You could start with answering my question from before: Why can't I place who you are, despite the fact you have confirmed that we've met before.'

'It is... a gift. The Force is all around us, yes?'

'Yes.'

'What most don't realize, not through their own fault, is that the Force also has certain manifestations. The most powerful of these calls herself the Mother. She has a very high to connection to those who are Force-Sensitive. She has certain abilities which are cause by the fact that she is almost completely with the Force. Even those who have become achieved immortality after they pass into the Force do not have her abilities.' Qui-Gon was enraptured by the information. Manifestations of the Force? How could that be possible? 'The mother can connect with people with a certain... Force ability.'

'And what's that?'

'Mainly the dracoren and our companions, the dracori. Those with prescience also have a higher connection than the average Jedi. Only dracoren can speak with her with minimal training. A clever Jedi can be trained to speak with her as well.'

'So what makes one a dracoren?'

'We are chosen. We all start out as average Force-sensitives. The mother then... chooses us. She makes sure we find our dracori. She does not force us to abide by her wishes. If we do not want to stay with our dracori, we do not have to.'

'So any force sensitive has the potential to be a dracoren, say... a Jedi padawan?'

'There are not many dracoren pairs left, due to the lack of dracori. Misplaced yours, have you?'

3. Chapter 3

There was a sudden flash of anger in Qui-Gon's eyes and Obi-Wan instantly regretted his words. He couldn't let Qui-Gon know that, though.

'What would you know about it?' the master's tone was sharp.

'About your padawan himself, or the fact he's gone?' Obi-Wan's tone was gentle.

Qui-Gon sighed. 'What do you know about loss?'

'What makes you think I know anything about loss?'

Obi-Wan knew he shouldn't be playing word games, but he couldn't help

it. He'd been playing word games all his life.

'Your tone and your eyes. I snapped at you and you regretted your comment. Your tone wasn't at all mean when you ask about my padawan. So what have you lost?'

'In order to stay with Glayen I had to leave somebody... very important to me. Someone who had already known much pain.' Obi-Wan lowered his eyes. Oh, if Qui-Gon only knew how much he regretted leaving him, or that it was him that Obi-Wan was talking about. 'I am sorry I had to leave him.' Then Obi-Wan looked directly into Qui-Gon's eyes and tried to ignore the pain he saw there, 'But make no mistake, Master Jinn, I would not give Glayen up for anything. If going back to those I care about would hurt him in anyway, I would not go.'

'What did you give up to have Glayen?'

'What was your padawan like, Master Jinn?' Obi-Wan knew he was avoiding answering, and so did Qui-Gon, but for some reason, Qui-Gon didn't call him out on it.

'He was the most talented padawan I've seen in a long time. I wish I had more to do with his training than I did.' Obi-Wan almost choked on the pain in his former-master's voice.

'What do you mean? Were you not his first master?'

'I was his only master. He... he had a natural talent. I just helped guide him.'

'Do you know why he left? Or at least have an idea?'

'No. He just disappeared. I hope that he is okay. I have not seen him in several years. All I know is that he is alive, past that... he could be dying and I wouldn't know until he was dead. What do you know of your... important person?'

'I have been able to keep tabs on him. I would love to let him know that I am okay.'

Qui-Gon smiled bitterly. 'What a pair we make, Dracoren. I have lost one I care about, and you have left yours. How do you think this man you care about feels about losing you?' Obi-Wan looked down.

'I know how he feels. It breaks my heart, to know how I broke his. I don't think he cared about me as much I did him.'

'If you know that you hurt him then why do you not go to him? Is it because of the mother-'

'No. At the time I left him, it was necessary. I would not respect anyone who said I cannot see those I care about.'

'It is your own fault,' Glayen piped up. 'You are being an idiot; as she outright told you that it isn't good for you to stay away from him. That you should let him know you're alive, but noooo you have this screwed up sense of duty to me that you can't go to the man and tell him you're alive.' The dracori sighed and looked at Qui-Gon, 'Understand, Jedi Master, that as much as I love my dracoren, he is a

complete and utter idiot.'

'Hey!' Obi-Wan cried indignantly. He knew that his friend was right, though. It was why he didn't protest to the mother's timeline of a week of the disguise.

'Maybe you should listen to Glayen.' Qui-Gon said, 'If you care about this man, then you should probably tell him you're alive. I know that if my padawan was able to, I would want him to tell me that he is okay.' Then, to Obi-Wan's surprise he laughed. 'Well, Dracoren, when Glayen brought me down here, I expected many things. A heart to heart with my captor was not one of them.'

Obi-Wan laughed. 'I must admit, Master Jinn, I did not expect this either. I expected to have a short conversation to explain why you could not identify me, not to be telling you about who I left. I am sorry to keep you imprisoned but Glayen will now bring you back to your cell.'

'What?' Qui-Gon gave a mock-offended look, 'And I thought we were getting along!'

With that, Glayen took the Jedi Master out of the gardens and Obi-Wan relaxed. He had thought he could handle it but it had been harder than he had thought it would. He sighed and sank gracefully down into a meditative position. He wasn't sure if he would be able to find balance, but he could try.

* * *

><p>'You really care for him don't you?' Qui-Gon asked the strange beast guiding him through the corridors of the building he had been sprinting through not hours before.<p>

'Who? Ob-My Dracoren?'

'Yes. You stayed silent until he mentioned staying away from people he cares about.'

'And what is it that you are implying by that?'

'That you didn't deem it very important to say anything until it caused him emotional turmoil. You didn't think that anything you said had any relevance until he was in pain, even if it wasn't physical. I am implying that you know who he is and why he won't tell me anything about any previous meeting of ours.'

'Yes. I know everything about him that is relevant to know. Who you are, and who he was to you. Though I am surprised that even with the mother's disguise you did not recognize him.' The way he had phrased that peaked Qui-Gon's curiosity.

'Did I know him well?'

'Yes, you did. I cannot tell you much more other than that you knew him before he met me. So who he is... very different from who you would have known before. He has grown very much over the last few years. He has a strong belief that because of me he can't have any other... what's the word? Ah, yes. Attachments. He is very loyal, but despite all that does not understand some of our ways. He does not

understand that while it is important that he... cares for me, there are parts of who we are that not only encourage attachments to beings other than each other, but need for us to care for others.'

'What do you mean?' Qui-Gon asked, curious.

'Part of being a dracoren or a dracori is that we have soul mates. It is not necessarily a romantic thing. Our mates can be anything from a brotherly bond to a romantic one. I do not believe the mother has informed my Dracoren of this fact as you can see with his only attachment being me.'

'So you think he's cold and detached?' That didn't seem like the boy he had just met.

'No. You see, he gives a little bit of himself to all of these people. He is the most caring individual you will ever meet. And yet while he lets everyone take pieces of him, he never lets anyone care for him. He gives everything and yet he wants nothing. Except one person. One person who he won't let himself go to.'

'Why won't he let anyone one care for him? Do you know?'

'He's a child of the light. He knows that anything he does could lead to his eventual death. He is afraid to leave anyone behind that could possibly hurt anyone else. He cares too much and he's too selfless. The only thing he has ever done that was purely for himself in the last few years is take me. I sometimes think he is trying to punish himself.'

Qui-Gon looked down. The idea that somebody was so selfless that they didn't do anything for themselves for years was astonishing. Qui-Gon could see as to why Glayen called him a child of light. No one with any darkness in them could have that level of selflessness. It was curious. Glayen had also said that the boy was punishing himself. But why? What was he punishing himself for. Some death? Or what?

'What do you think he's punishing himself for?'

'Leaving. I believe he thinks that he can't do anything for himself because he made one selfish decision. By taking me, by deciding to let me live, a completely selfless action, he had to leave people he cared about. He believes that to atone he can't do anything for himself. Contradicting that, if he's punishing himself for leaving then it's strange he doesn't think he deserves to go back.'

'Why wouldn't he think that he deserves to go back?'

'He's afraid.'

'Of what?'

'He wants to go back but he also wants those he cares about to accept him when he goes back. He's afraid that, even though what he is becoming is more than worthy of the attention of the Mother, those he cares about will not accept the fact he left willingly. He fears rejection, though I believe he would never leave me. There is nothing I want more for him than for him to realize that he doesn't have to give himself up for others. That he can have things for himself. That while we should all do our best to be good people, wanting something

for yourself doesn't make you a bad person.'

'It must be hard for you. To have someone you obviously care about do nothing to achieve their own happiness.' Qui-Gon had no idea what it must be like to watch someone you care about as much as Glayen obviously cares about his dracoren, do something that could possibly kill him.

'It is. I wish that I could do something more. It is hard to help somebody who only problem appears to be too little selfishness.'

* * *

><p>Glayen sighed. Sometimes Obi-Wan could be so... hardheaded. His dracoren did not believe in anything other than pure selflessness. Sometimes Glayen cursed his luck for getting this child of light who wouldn't listen to anything that opposed his idea of complete and utter selflessness. It frustrated him that he could do nothing to ease the pain his dracoren caused himself by giving so much of his heart out and not accepting anything or anyone to give him anything in return.<p>

He knew that dracoren and dracori were matched as they were so that they would compliment each other. They would be able to work well and care for each other. Glayen always thought that the reason he was paired with Obi-Wan Kenobi was so that he could prevent the former padawan from killing himself. Whether his death would be cause by him getting killed to save another or because he simply broke himself. Glayen knew that he would stand by him and try his best to piece him back together.

The first thing he had to do was make sure that Obi-Wan understood that there might be many things he see do but he obviously did not see the pain in Qui-Gon Jinn's eyes when his former padawan was mentioned. He hoped that Obi-Wan would figure out how important he was to Qui-Gon before they broke each other apart.

4. Chapter 4

Obi-Wan sat deep in meditation. Not communing with the mother. Just meditating. He knew Glayen's theory as to why he wouldn't tell Qui-Gon who he was. Glayen was wrong. He justâ€| wasn't ready. What does one say to a man they were in love with but abandoned for a creature they had never met before. 'Sorry' seemed inadequate but what else could he say?

Then he sighed deeply and put his hands in his head. When he had come to this planet he had come to give the people a fighting chance. He had not expected to run into Qui-Gon Jinn of all people. He loved Qui-Gon but he couldn't let him know who he was just yet. He knew that Qui-Gon wouldn't exactly be happy about it when he found out who he was but Obi-Wan couldn't bring himself to care.

The Garden door slid open and Glayen padded in on all fours.

'Hello, Ben.' The dracori greeted in his gravelly voice.

'Hey, Glay.' said Obi-Wan with a smile, 'What's going on with the rebels?'

'They're doing good with battle techniques but their strategy needs work. I think that despite their initial incompetence they are doing quite well.'

'Initial incompetence? Aw, Glayen, anyone would think that you don't like doing this.'

'I don't mind doing it. It is just a bit tedious when you get the fifth group of rebels that know nothing about battle and you have to train them.' At that Obi-Wan laughed.

'You know, Glay, I don't think we'll have to do this again for a while. I've got a feeling we will be doing other things for the next few weeks.'

'Oh thank the gods. I love helping people out but, gods, if I have to tell one more person...' Obi-Wan laughed again.

'I know, I know. It can get frustrating but it is satisfying to watch them fight after they finally get some training.'

'We are truly lucky that you have the job of diplomat in our little duo, because if it was me who had to do any negotiating we would not be allowed anywhere.'

'I don't have to remind you that eating people is not the best way of negotiating do I?'

'That was once Ben! I said I was sorry.'

'We are lucky they didn't kick us off Raxus, Glay! The only reason we didn't was because the one you ate was going to betray them.'

'I knew that! That was why I ate him. They were so ungrateful.'
Obi-Wan shook his head.

'Just try and warn us next time. You scared all the senators half to death.'

'Why do you think they agreed to our terms so readily?'

'Maybe it was my wit and charm. Especially in convincing them not to exile us and possibly kill you.'

'I could have handled myself!' Obi-Wan grinned at the indignant look that Glayen gave him.

'Without getting anyone killed on accident?'

'Umm...'

'See? My point. You need a bit more skill in the art of subtlety and diplomacy. You are going to get us killed one day.'

'Nah, your diplomatic skills are enough for the both of us. I'm sure with you around we won't get killed. Besides, you're known as the child of the light, bright enough that several hundred groups of people would do most anything that you don't get killed.'

'Please don't remind me.' Obi-Wan looked uncomfortable.

'What, don't you like the fact that everyone loves you?'

'I keep feel like they're trying to use me.' Obi-Wan said as he lowered his eyes.

'Yes. Many people want to use you. Maybe not in the manipulative way, but I've heard among humanoids you're quite beautiful. At times, too beautiful.' Obi-Wan's eyes widened in realization. So that was why he constantly heard Glayen sighing during negotiations.

'And you never told me?' Obi-Wan gave Glayen a look of mock betrayal.

'Did you think people were mocking you when they called you beautiful? Because you may be an idiot but you are, if anything, beautiful.'

'What? I'm not an- oh you little-' he never finished his because he and Glayen had both burst into laughter. They both laughed so hard their stomachs ached. Their were even tears streaming down Obi-Wan's face and Glayen's scales glowed as the often did when he was happy. When Obi-Wan finally regained control of himself he thought If this is what I get for leaving the order, if this is my gift for leaving all that I knew, for leaving Qui-Gon then I am happy with what I have. No matter how much leaving him hurt and still hurts.

When Obi-Wan saw his best friend's scales glowing with joy he knew that he would do anything to keep this young dracori with him. He had after all been with the little beast since his birth.

* * *

><p>The tasks of which he had been assigned had been mundane ones and he believed that they were testing to see exactly how far they could push him. The Dracoren had laughed when he had grumbled about carting the same crate of fruit across the facility for the third time.<p>

The Dracoren was very interesting. He had a sense of humour, he was almost eerily perceptive and one of the most intelligent people Qui-Gon had met. On the other hand the boy seemed distant at times. Qui-Gon constantly thought about what Glayen had told him about the Dracoren's self flagellation. It saddened him at the thought of such a kind human doing such a thing to themselves.

He had also spent some time with the dracori, Glayen. It had been interesting to learn about the dracori. He had been saddened to find out just how few dracori were left. As far as Glayen knew, there were even less Dracoren. The little beast was a joy to be around though. Despite the fact that there was only a few of his people left he appeared to be quite happy with life.

It was interesting that despite how he and the pair met, they seemed to like him well enough. The rebels seemed to be wary of him. He wasn't that surprised though. He had infiltrated their home base and broken into their computers. He thought that the only reason they hadn't killed him was because of the Dracoren. He seemed to care for Qui-Gon, though Qui-Gon didn't know why. He had promised that after a

week he would tell Qui-Gon who he was which meant that he would figure it out tomorrow. He didn't know whether to be excited or dreading it. He should be excited because he would finally find out who this wonderful boy was. He dreaded the fact that this boy could be anyone. This boy could be a Sith, or a politician. Or he could be an old friend he thought was dead. With his luck, he was a Sith.

He believed the reason the Dracoren interacted with him as he did was so that when tomorrow did come he would have at least seen this boy as someone other than who Qui-Gon had once known. Qui-Gon truly wanted this boy to be someone he loved though. But he knew it was selfish to have such thoughts and prepared himself for the worst.

* * *

><p>Glacen greeted Qui-Gon in the morning. Qui-Gon was always glad to speak with the little beast, though he was less inclined to do so this morning. Glacen didn't seem to mind though.<p>

'You seem agitated. Are you worried as to who my Dracoren is? You will not be disappointed.'

'There is still the lingering fear that he is an enemy of mine. I would not wish for the affection I feel for this kind hearted boy to be soiled by who I once knew him as.'

'I know. Do not worry. The Force brought the two of you together for a reason. As the Force brought him to me for a reason. When you see who he truly is, remember this: he sacrificed everything he wanted to be for me. Do not let any association with him damper that sacrifice.' Qui-Gon smiled at that, though it was a sad one.

'I will try not to let who he was get to me.'

'Then follow me.'

* * *

><p>Qui-Gon walked into the Gardens as he had every morning for the past week. Calmly with all the peace of a Jedi. That serenity was brought to a sudden halt when the boy in front of him turned around. When he saw the boy's face his heart stopped.<p>

No, no, no, no. That's impossible. He can't be, I would should have known. How could I miss that of all things?

Qui-Gon Jinn could not think of anything other than the fact that the boy he saw in front of him had been in his dreams every night for the last three years. This was the boy who he had not seen for too long. This was the boy he had committed years of his life to teach. This was the boy he loved but had never told so. This was the one thing he longed to have. This was the Padawan, his love and his life. All the breath in his body went out as he breathed the name of the boy he loved so dearly.

'Obi-Wan?'

Obi-Wan had spent all morning in meditation, had spoken with the mother and tried everything he could to calm and prepare himself. Prepare himself for any anger or rejection. He knew that when Qui-Gon saw who he really was he wouldn't laugh and give him a hug. Obi-Wan had practically abandoned the man; even when he knew about Xanatos. So Obi-Wan prepared himself for anger shock and rejection.

He was not prepared for the clear grief and rejection so clear on his former master's face.

'Obi-Wan?' His heart wrenched at the utter desolation in Qui-Gon's voice. Obi-Wan lowered his eyes, not able to look at his face any longer. He heard Qui-Gon walk forward and instinctively tensed up, ready for a slap, or pain. His former master surprised him again by enveloping him in a tight embrace. Obi-Wan's knees gave out and the only reason he didn't fall over was because of Qui-Gon's arms around him.

Obi-Wan felt tears well up in his eyes and blinked them back. It had been so hard to spend the last week with Qui-Gon and not tell him anything. He still wasn't ready to face Qui-Gon but now he had no choice. He felt Qui-Gon pull away. Obi-Wan looked down, not wanting to meet his eyes but Qui-Gon cupped his face with large hands and forced him to look up. Qui-Gon's eyes took in the sight of Obi-Wan's face like he had never seen it before. Then he smiles, his eyes lighting up in a way they hadn't in years.

Obi-Wan looked away. He didn't deserve that smile. He had walked away and didn't deserve Qui-Gon's forgiveness. He couldn't help the tears that welled up in his eyes and started to fall.

'I'm sorry,' he whispered, voice breaking, 'I'm so sorry.'

'Oh, Obi-Wan,' he heard Qui-Gon say, 'What's wrong? I've finally found you, why does that upset you?' He looked up to see the man kneeling before him.

'Why aren't you angry? You should be angry. I fought so hard to become your apprentice I did so much to try and earn your approval, then I abandoned you; you shouldn't be so happy. Not with me.'

'You didn't abandon me. You saved a life.'

'But to do so I had to leave you! That should make you angry.' With that he jerked away and covered his face. Why is he being so nice? I don't deserve it.

'Obi-Wan, look at me.' Obi-Wan turned around and looked at Qui-Gon, unable to resist that tone. 'I am not angry because I've found you. For three years I've waited to see you again. For three years the only thing I've known is that you were alive. I couldn't tell as to whether or not you were in pain, if you were ill or if you were perfectly fine. I've found you and you're okay. You also have the most interesting companion.' Obi-Wan finally looked into Qui-Gon's eyes and was shocked by the sheer joy he found in the blue depths. Then Qui-Gon placed his hands on Obi-Wan's face, and he suddenly felt close to crying.

'Hello Qui-Gon.' he said, giving a watery smiling, 'It's been a while.'

'Hello Padawan.' replied Qui-Gon, returning the smile.

'Am I?' Obi-Wan asked with a self-deprecating look.

'Of course. No matter what, you will always be my padawan. It does matter that you haven't been in the order for a while. You are my padawan.' Obi-Wan was nearly undone by the sincere look on Qui-Gon's face.

'What if I don't rejoin the order? I don't know if I will. Even if I try, they might not accept me. I have been gone for three years.'

'Then,' Qui-Gon said with a smile that made Obi-Wan feel better, 'You will still be my padawan. if only in my heart. Though, I finally understand Glayen's sense of humour.'

'Indeed.' replied Obi-Wan with a wide grin.

Glayen nudged Obi-Wan's palm and growled. 'Now that your moment is over, Obi-Wan, you need to eat.'

'What are you, my mother?' snarked Obi-Wan.

'When it comes to your health, sleep and eating, yes I am.' said Glayen in a matter of fact manner.

They all burst into laughter at that. Obi-Wan smiled when he caught his breath. Well it seems I can have the two people I care about without any problems. What was I so afraid of?

* * *

><p>'So what have you been up to in the last few years?' Qui-Gon asked Obi-Wan. He was confused about Obi-Wan's reaction to his recognition. He hadn't been able to tell if the boy's tears had been in grief or joy. Not until he had started apologizing. He was shocked Obi-Wan thought he would be angry. Surprised and a bit hurt, definitely, but angry? No.<p>

'I've been doing quite a bit. Glayen and I have been to over a hundred planets and we've helped fix problems and such. Sometimes we get paid for it. For money I occasionally get contracts as a bodyguard as well as bartending.'

'Bartending? And how does that work out?' Amusement sparkled in Qui-Gon's eyes.

'You'd be surprised how well people pay when they're drunk.' Obi-Wan grinned at him, 'You also get the most interesting stories. I once got stuck listening to an old Rodian telling a story about his eopie. It was surprisingly fascinating.' Qui-Gon laughed easily for the first time in years as he listened to some of the outlandish stories that Obi-Wan told him of his adventures in bartending.

'What's it like travelling with Glayen?' Qui-Gon finally asked, after several stories.

'It's interesting. Though it is irritating living with someone who eats nothing but raw meat.'

'Hey!' cried Glayen, indignant, 'How do you think I feel about you cooking everything? It's disgusting.' Qui-Gon laughed at them, though the familiarity they had with each other hurt, because he did not have it.

'It is nice to know that he will always be with me. What have you been doing for the last few years?'

'I spent the first year after you disappeared looking for you. I must say, you are either really good at hiding or just extremely lucky.'

'I'm good at hiding. It is quite hard to hide from Jedi Masters though. You got quite close several times.'

'Nice to know I wasn't a complete failure at finding you.' Obi-Wan frowned at that.

'Sorry.'

'It's okay. You don't have to apologise every time one of us mentions it.' He would make Obi-Wan forgive himself if it was the last thing he did.

'I know. It's justâ€¦ I'm sorry I left you and...'

'You know why I stopped looking for you?'

'No. Why?' Obi-Wan looked genuinely confused.

'Master Yoda said that if I kept looking for you, I would kill myself. Then I would never see you again. I didn't want that. So I stopped looking. While I'm not fond of the circumstance, I am overjoyed that we have met again.'

'Even if it's only this once?' Obi-Wan looked hopeful.

'Of course.' Obi-Wan gave Qui-Gon a smile so brilliant that it warmed his heart to see it.

'So, my old master, what else have you been doing over the last few years?'

'Oh you know.' said Qui-Gon smiling, 'Same old, same old. I've been doing missions almost nonstop, I have been chased and nearly killed more times than I care to count. I've had some very boring diplomatic missions.'

'I used to really hate think that the diplomatic one of our Dracoren duo is me.'

'Really?' Qui-Gon gave Obi-Wan a look of complete disbelief.

'Hey! I can be diplomatic.' Obi-Wan huffed and looked away, but he was smiling, "My diplomatic skills aside, I think it's time for you to tell me a few stories."

Qui-Gon grinned. Maybe it's not going to be so bad.

* * *

><p>Glacen padded into Obi-Wan's room and gave him as much as a smirk as he could.<p>

'Now that wasn't as bad as you thought it would be, not was it?' Obi-Wan glared at him.

'You know, I really hate it when you're right. I'm supposed to be teaching you and crap but then you say things like that and I wonder who's older.'

'We are a team, Ben. I have some answers and information you don't have as you have answers and information I don't have. That's how we work. If you have a question about Dracoren related things I would be happy to answer. The same thing goes with me and human stuff. Though no matter how many times you explain it, I will never understand cooked meats.'

'Could you explain the markings then?' Obi-Wan pulled off the krayt hide bindings he had around his right arm. Where the bindings had been were intricate markings. They were beautiful and to Obi-Wan they gave off an aura of deadliness but in the way of someone who knows how to kill you in a hundred different ways but never will. They felt like comfort, home and protection. He loved them and he would never remove them. He also felt like he should never ever show them to anyone except Glacen and maybe someone else but he had never felt an urge to do so. All he knew was that they were a vital part of being a Dracoren, though Glacen said he wouldn't explain until a certain point.

It had nearly killed him to get the krayt hide bindings and then it had taken him weeks to make them the way that feltâ€| right.

'I suppose I can tell you now. Just know that I didn't tell you before because she told me not to.'

'I don't understand. Is it somethingâ€| bad?'

'No. Just listen. The mother's gift to Dracoren, other than their Dracori, is a soulmate. Someone that is bound to them at the soul. She told me it was because so many of the Dracoren had to leave those they cared about that she would give them someone they could have forever. Someone who was almost perfect for them. She said that when the time was right you would know exactly who it is. But not now.'

Obi-Wan looked down at his markings again and trusted the mother to let him know who his soulmate was when the time came. He saw the markings and knew that in someplace there was someone for him. He just wondered who it was, then he realised he didn't care.

End
file.